

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CUL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 44.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1859.

NO. 1093

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR,

THE CAVERN.

Translated from the French of Madame Hervey.

(CONTINUED.)

"Now, my little good girl," continued Thomas, to Gabrielle and Augustine, "we have settled the matter; you must be ready to start with me to-morrow morning at four o'clock."

The hostess served up their supper, and then sent them back to the barn.

"Before we retire," said Gabrielle, presenting one of the notes, "I beg you, Madam, to pay yourself our expenses out of this."

"No, no, my children, keep your money; you may want it elsewhere; here the rich pay for the poor, so I shall add to, instead of diminishing, your little stock of money; take this thirty sous piece, and pray for the lady of the sign of the Two Doves."

Gabrielle, blushing, refused it. The hostess, surprised, looked steadily at her, and after a short pause, said, "you are a very extraordinary child; why do you refuse it? is it pride makes you do it? your behaviour as well as your speech, makes me think you are above what your apparel announces you to be; who are your parents?"

At this instant a carriage entered the yard, and the new guests to took up Mrs. Le Blanc's name and attention, that Gabrielle and her sister fortunately retired without any more embarrassing interrogations.

At four o'clock next morning, honest Thomas called them up, and set forward for Orleans;—on the road he took care to provide them with good though simple repasts, and clean straw for their bed wherever they put up. In three days they arrived at Orleans, when Thomas took them to his wife, to whom he told what he knew of their history. "They are good little girls," continued he, "neither too fond of talking, nor pert, but fear God as they ought to do; and I'll promise them, if they continue to behave themselves, they will one day become very rich and happy."

"When that shall happen, good Thomas," said Gabrielle, "I promise you I will remember your kindness to us."

"Yes, yes, my girl; but I'll lay a wager that you'll forget your promise; rich people have other fish to fry than to think of the poor; besides, you know there is balls, and routs, and visiting, and gambling and such-like; zounds, do ye think that they'll leave such pleasures to gad about the country, looking for lame and blind, and naked and starved creatures like myself? No, indeed, they've something else to do, as I said before; and for my part, I think if the poor would be a little more industrious, they'd have less occasion to ask the assistance of the rich."

"Ah! but, good Thomas, you seem to be angry with the rich; have they ever neglected you, after you have served them?"

"Why, as to that," replied Thomas, "we'll say no more about it: I only know that they often expect gratitude from the poor, and forget to return it themselves where it is due."

"But, good master Thomas, I think no situation in life should make us dispense with gratitude."

"Certainly not, my little girl."

"Well, then, I assure you, good Thomas, that, poor or rich, I shall always remember your kindness."

"Well, well, let's say no more about it—Here, Mary, (calling to his wife,) is supper ready?" Mary made no answer, but in an instant supper was upon the table, and Gabrielle and her sister, partook of an wholesome repast with honest Thomas and his wife Mary.

Thomas's three children slept together, and our little travellers had one of their beds to themselves. Next day, when Mary had got the breakfast ready, she went out to inform herself whether there were any boats or carriages returning to Tours. During her absence, Gabrielle offered to pay master Thomas what expenses they had put him to while on the road, as he had paid them all out of his own pocket; she presented to him one of the hundred sous bills, asking him to take what he thought proper; when he refused, alledging as a reason, that the hostess at the sign of the Two Doves had ordered him to defray the expenses himself.

"I shall settle that with her," added he, "and the pleasure of being serviceable to you will repay me ten times over for what you call my trouble."

Gabrielle, affected, thanked him, with emotions of sensibility, for his great kindness to her and her sister, and requested he would, at least, favour her with his address, in hopes of repaying him some day or other.

"When you're rich, I suppose," replied he, smiling.

"Why not? there are few things impossible."

"No, and I wish thee rich with all my heart; but the chance of it is, that people that get fortunes are generally prouder and more haughty than them that are born rich; the first are ashamed of their former poverty, and very often ashamed of their parents. The only thing that seldom makes them blush, is the very thing that ought to make them do it—the villainy and baseness by which they often get their riches."

"But I hope, good master Thomas" said she, "I shall then prove to you, that I shall not blush at the obligations I owe you."

"I don't speak of you, my dear, for I know there are some grateful people; but, generally speaking, riches not only turn people's brain, but very often turn their hearts too."

Gabrielle again assured him she would never change; and taking a pen she wrote—

"Thomas, No. 1, Egalité street, Orleans."

When she had done, he looked at the writing; it was the proudest hand he had ever seen. "Why, truly, you write better than a lawyer," said he; "indeed you're so civil, and every thing you do and say pleases me so much, that if it wasn't for your clothes, I should think you was some great man's daughter."

"Are we so haughty then?" said Gabrielle, laughing.

"No, nor you haven't their fortune either," replied Thomas.

At this moment Mary entered, and told them that one of her neighbours had sent her to the master of a coal barge, who was returning to Samur, but having occasion to stop at Tours on his way, he had promised her to take charge of the little travellers for thirty sous, which Mary had promised he should have. "You'll have nothing to fear," said she; "you'll go in this barge more pleasantly than in a carriage, and I'm sure he's a good kind of a man,—but you must come along directly, he's now pushing off."

They followed Mary, after having renewed their thanks to good master Thomas, and quickly after reached the river, when Jerom, (for that was his name,) the barge-master, received them into his vessel. Mary strongly recommended him to take all care of her little friends; then giving them a loaf and a good piece of bacon, she embraced them, and gave them her blessing; after which the vessel put off. The weather was serene and fine, and the vessel glided gently through the waters; the scene being entirely new, our little travellers felt themselves highly entertained with the different objects as they passed along; Jerom and his companions never opened their mouths, but to swear, or drink success to the Jacobins, to liberty, and equality.

The royal family and nobility were next the objects of Jerom's imprecations, who made Gabrielle and her sister tremble at the manner in which he vowed their destruction. "Should you not be well pleased," said he, "if all them rascals was guillotined?"

"We are too young," replied Gabrielle, "to talk about such things as that."

"You're right," said Jerom, "but here, (offering her a glass of brandy) drink to the health of the Jacobins."

"I thank you, Sir, but I have never tasted any strong liquor; my mother did not even suffer me to drink water without water in it." "Psha! the old woman's dead, I suppose?" She'll not know any thing about it—come, take hold—drink."

Gabrielle wrapt at the idea of her mother's death, but refused to taste the sipper.

"So, ho!" exclaimed Jerom, "if you're nice, you may let it alone; I can drink it myself," so tossing it off, he took no farther notice of them the rest of the day.

In the mean time, Jerom's discourse had so terrified Augustine that she trembled every limb; and clinging close to her sister, scarcely dared to lift her eyes to look on him. Towards evening the sky became overcast; lightnings darted across the gloom, thunders pealed, and every thing announced an approaching tempest, which soon burst upon them with the greatest fury; to heighten their distress, the poor children had nothing to protect them from the fury of the storm, whilst they both ardently prayed to the Almighty for his divine mercy.

"Make yourself easy, my dear sister," said Gabrielle, "we soon shall reach a safe retreat; when I hope we shall find our good parents, in whose arms we shall forget our sufferings."

Four days and nights were these unfortunates exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and to hear the wicked discourse of Father Jerom and his companions; but they bore these evils with constancy and without complaining, hoping that a short time would put an end to them.

About six in the morning on the fifth day they discovered the summits of the mountains that overhang the cavern of Roseville, their hearts leaped with joy at the sight, and looking silently at one another for a moment they embraced with mutual tenderness.

(To be continued.)

THE DUTCHESS AND PRINCE.

The Virginia Inquirer, after giving a number of the stories in circulation on the creation of Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte a Dutchess, and her son a Prince of the French empire, makes the following reflections on the *Dramatis Personae*.

As to Gen. Toussaint, he will best consult his own honour, by refusing such a commission *on such terms*. It is unworthy of the part which he bore in the revolution of America. The man who aided in establishing the equality and liberty of man, during that conflict, should never consent to bind himself to a station which will compel him to sacrifice the dignity of a man to the whims of a child. There is something in the idea of remaining uncovered, and standing and cowering in the presence of a baby Prince, which, in a free country, every man of honour and feeling would disdain.

As to the *Lady*, it may be decorous, perhaps to any as little as possible about her. There is no country in which women has attained the rank to which she is entitled. Some have held, that they are capable of as high and generous achievements as that boasted being, called Man; but how cruelly have their powers been strunk up! The Turks say they have no souls; and in most polished societies, their souls are bent upon feathers and finery, on titles and splendours on the most airy and artificial of distinctions. They have their oys and their rattles as well as children. But, if Mrs. B. has the lofty soul of a Spartan or a Roman matron, she will reject the propositions which are made to her—she will trample the coronet and the diadem in the dust. Too proud to be anything but what she ought to be, as she cannot be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, she will disdain the empty name of a *Duchess* of the House of Napoleon. She will soar to no higher rank than to the honourable station of an *American Woman*; contented with the esteem of the good, and the extensive possessions of her respectable father.

As to her son, he is to the eye of a wise man, more an object of pity than of envy. The path of kings is not so thickly strewn with roses, but that a peasant may be happier than a prince. Free from the corruptions of *pride*, from the allurements of luxury, or the cares of a court, he might have tasted all the sweets and charities of life—his constitution firm, his heart pure, and all the faculties of his mind polished and improved. If he is to remain here a prince, without a crown, his situation will be truly a ridiculous burlesque. His title will divest him of the best rights of an American citizen; because the constitution not only forbids any title of nobility being granted by the *United States*; but it declares, that no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of the Congress accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from a king, prince, or foreign state.

But if his crown is to exist in Europe, it is better, perhaps, that his royal father should at once take him to himself; for there is at least some risk, that all the cares of Toussaint should be defeated. The republican spirit of our country may reach his young bosom, and the first act of his manhood may be the rejection of his crown.

SOMETHING SINGULAR.

The river Acis flows from a cold spring at the foot of Mount Etna, in Sicily, and derives its name from the rapidity of its course between its verdant banks its water is clear, and so cold as to be dangerous to those who drink it; and it never freezes though it possesses a degree of cold greater than that of ice.

From the Providence Gazette.

TO A LADY.

Woe the soul with overfraught feelings oppress,
And speech in the tongue is denied,
With a sigh or a tear can the heart best express,
What language in vain may have tried!
Will the flattering distinction be ever forgot,
That Mary so sweetly bestows?
If my heart can be trusted, it surely cannot,
Till death wings to the very last drop
The life-blood that now freely flows.

With the group that composes this life vain world,
I was fleeing along to the shades;
She crost o'er my path, and arrested my step
I sat pensive and she sought the glades
When misfortune around me her mantle had thrown,
And sorrow had darkened the scene,
Like the glow-worm of night she illumined my way,
Thou! the moon and the stars were accustomed to pay
Their light to the traveller, I ween.

Then, heart, sigh thy gratitude forth to the world;
May its breath reach the ear of a friend,
And whisper in accents though distant and cold,
On her friendship thy fate will depend.
And, Oh! may the view that now breaks on my sight,
And fills with delight the whole mind,
Ne'er prove like a day dream, or vision of night,
That entrances with bliss, but is gone with the light,
And leaves not a vestige behind!

EUPHRASIA.

TO MARY.

On the Death of her Mother.

Why wilt thou, Mary, weep and sigh!
Thou knowest, alas! all friends must part;
Thou knowest that tears must dim each eye,
That grief must rive each feeling heart.

But time with healing balm appears,
To gently soothe the troubled breast;
Till thine these eyes bedimmed with tears,
And fail each bursting sigh to rear.

Why wilt thou weep!—thy friend is gone—
No tears can win her from the tomb;
Nor can the sigh, the flowing tongue,
Recall her from her silent home.

If the swollen eye and throbbing breast,
Again could bring her to thy arms,
Beguile her from her heavenly rest,
To dwell on earth amid alarms.

Thou wilt not wish it; joys like ours
Are nought, compared with those above;
No pains are there—no lingering hours—
But all is bliss, delight and love.

Thou shouldst submit—with reverence bow
Before the great Creator's power;
Whom wisdom has adorned the idler,
Nor crops too soon the transient flower.

Then Mary cease to sigh and weep,
Nor cloud with grief thy youthful day;
Our hours are short, and soon we sleep
In unrelenting death's decay.

And, when by woes environed round,
We mourn our hapless, helpless doom;
The bliss that will our hearts surround,
Dwells far beyond the silent tomb.

LINES.

On the marriage of Miss— to a Mr. Ephraim Mott.

Let's wife we read in days of old,
For our religious fault,
Was changed, as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity to change,
Still runs in female blood,
For here we find a thing as strange,
A maiden turn'd to Mutton.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

In the year 1512 at a consistory court, held in the church of St. Peter, Tunbridge, a trial was preferred against Thomas Henly, as a general defamer of his neighbours, by having said in English, 'There is never a good woman, except my wife and three others, in Chesham parish.' He denied the charge, but by the oath of sufficient witnesses, was proved to have uttered these, or the like words, in his own house; a salutary sentence was therefore enjoined, to which he at length humbly submitted, though he till he found he was in danger of being excommunicated. The sentence of the court was that in the morning of the next Lord's day, he should be whipped at the head of the procession, in his own parish church being covered only with a linen cloth, after the manner of penitents, and holding a wax taper in his hand, and that when the procession was ended, he should, upon his knees, declare to his neighbours, 'I know the worse of your wylles than I do of my own, and therefore I pray you all men and wylles forgive my praying.'

A REMARKABLE INSTANT OF FIDELITY.

EDWARD, king of Northumberland, was one of the greatest princes of the Saxon hierarchy, and distinguished himself, not only by his influence over the other kingdoms, but by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed; and it is a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold, without any danger of violence or robbery.—There is a remarkable instance committed to one of the affection borne him by his retainers. Cuichelm, king of Wessex, was his enemy, but finding himself unable to maintain open war against so gallant and powerful a prince, he determined to use treachery against him, and employed one Eumeke the guilty purpose. The assassin, having obtained admittance, by pretending to deliver a message from Cuichelm, drew his dagger, and rushed upon the king. Lila, an officer of the army, seeing his sovereign's danger, and having no means of defence, interposed with his own body between the king and Eumeke's dagger, which was pushed with such violence, that after piercing Lila, it even wounded Eumeke. But before the assassin could renew his blow, he was dispatched by the king's attendants.

AFFECTING OCCURRENCE.

THE following affecting occurrence took place during the disastrous retreat of General Moore's army from Spain last year.—An Officer of one of the British regiments overcome with fatigue and hunger, and no longer able to keep up with his companions, had dropped to the ground. He espied a tuft of trees in a field adjoining the road, towards which he crawled, with the view of resting his weary limbs secure from the aches of the pursuing enemy. On his coming near to the trees, he perceived a woman seemingly a soldier's wife stretched upon the ground, and a little infant lying near her. He approached to administer such assistance as was in his power. It was too late; the hand of death was upon her, and she scarcely able to utter these words—'God bless you it is all over' when she immediately expired. Having rested himself so as to be able to get up, he lifted the infant in the poor woman's hands, and having fastened it to his back, he pursued his march in this condition, procuring such assistance he could for himself and the little orphan: he at last after a long and wretched journey, reached the port of Vigo, which at that time happened to be occupied by the French.—Here he got on board of a transport and reached at last England with his little charge. His regiment (or rather the remnant of it) had arrived before him, and he joined it accompanied by the infant.—He has it (it is a boy) always with him, and he declares, that this little orphan, whom Heaven threw under his protection, shall, let his future fortune through life be good or bad, share it with him.

Maxim.—Dependants on pride must tremble when the proud have cause to blush.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1869.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of the lad who serves the Museum in the East part of the city, many of our subscribers may not receive it this week; those who are neglected are requested to send to the office.

The city inspector reports the death of 43 persons, (of whom 15 were men, 11 women, 13 boys, and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 2, asthma 1, burned or scalded 1, consumption 11, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 1, droway 1, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 1, putrid fever 1, typhus fever 3, hives 5, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, insanity 1, mortification 2, palsy 1, scrofula 1, sprue 1, still-born 1, sudden death 2, and 1 of teething.

In the New-York Hospital, during the last month, Mary Holmes, a native of Ireland; Joseph Coster, seaman, of New-York; Robert Harrison, of Ireland; Robert Turner, of Connecticut, seaman; John Chapman, of do. labourer; Neil Ennis, of Boston, seaman; John Hays, of England; Peter Peterson, seaman, of Sweden; and Oliver Gardner, seaman, of Massachusetts.

New-Orleans, Nov. 9.—Arrived the French schooner of war, *La Franchise*, Lieut. Chivalier, captured by the United States' gun-boat, No. 95, Lieut. Dexter, for a breach of the third section of the non-intercourse law, passed March 1st, 1869. *La Franchise* is said to have a cargo of Indigo and Specie, taken from on board two Spanish schooners. — *La Franchise* came into this port some time since, in distress, and after floating, proceeded to sea, shortly after the sailing of a Spanish vessel richly laden with specie, indigo, &c. — When she left port, Com. Porter ordered Capt. Dexter to watch her out of the waters of the United States, under an apprehension, we presume, that she might attempt to violate our neutrality.

CASUALTIES.

Melan hole Accident.—On Monday the 23d day of last October, Mr. Nathan Coon, of Sugar Creek, in this country, took his rifle and went into the woods in pursuit of venison. — Having hunted some time, he started three deer, which ran around a hill near where the new state road crosses the line of Claverack town ship.—Mr. Coon immediately crossed the hill with the view of meeting the deer. — They should come round the point of the hill. — Having proceeded a little distance, he heard a noise of rustling in the bushes in the direction that he expected the deer to come, and eager for game, stepped hastily forward, and seeing something move through the leaves, he fired, and the object fell. — On approaching the spot, lo! — instead of a deer—a man had fallen, and was writhing in the most excruciating agonies. Capt. Samuel Clark, of Claverack, had contracted to open a part of the state road, and was at work upon it alone, when the ball struck him near the right shoulder blade, and penetrated to the spine of the back. — When Mr. Coon came in with the sad intelligence, measures were immediately taken for bringing in captain Clark to his place of residence at captain Gregory's. He received his wound about one o'clock, P.M. and retained his senses perfectly, while he survived, which was until about eight o'clock in the evening, when he expired.

Captain Clark was a respectable and worthy man, about 55 years of age, and has left 5 children to mourn his untimely death.—Mr. Coon appeared exceedingly afflicted; there was no doubt that the wound was entirely accidental; but such accidents occur so frequently that it is impossible not to consider the persons who are the causes of them, if not guilty, at least extremely reprehensible for their carelessness.—Hunters from such fatal consequences, ought to learn to exercise more prudence and caution for the future.

At East Haven Nov. 13. Capt. David Forbes, aged 42, was killed in shipping a pump into its burtin. The principle rope parted, and the pump fell on his head, which was shockingly crushed.

At Tingborough, Nov. 17th, the Grist-mill, Saw-mill and Carding Machine, belonging to Capt. Asa Butterfield were burnt. The fire was communicated from a stove which was too much heated.

At Winchendon Nov. 17. The Carding Machine and Falling Mill of Messrs. Goodhue and Whitney, were consumed by fire. The loss of these works and the property they contained is estimated at upwards of 2000 dollars.

At Jaffray (N. H.) Nov. 3th, the dwelling House and Store of Messrs. Goodwill and Homer were entirely consumed by fire with nearly all their contents. The fire was supposed to have been communicated from a broom, with which the hearth was swept at night; and the loss is estimated at about three thousand dollars.

In England a Miss Cotton, of the Borough of Southwark, having declined the addresses of a Mr. Elston, of Belvidere place, in London, while they were in a Hackney Coach together he fired a pistol at her, and another at himself, and though they were both wounded they both recovered, and the said Elston was committed to take his trial for the crime.

At Salem, Josiah Page has been sentenced to 20 days solitary confinement, and 3 years hard labor in the State Prison, for robbing his friend and Patron, Col. Peabody, of Newburyport, of goods and specie to the amount of 20,000 dollars, within 20 months past.

At Shallow Bay (N Foundland) John Percy killed his master, Mr. Joseph Rendell with an axe; also Mr. Richard Cross who went to Mr. Rendell's assistance. He buried them both; but afterwards confessed the crime.

On Monday morning last, a duel took place at Badesburg between Joseph Pearson, Esq. of North Carolina, and John G. Jackson, of Virginia. On the second fire Mr. Jackson received Mr. Pearson's shot in the thigh, and we are informed the wound is thought dangerous. Mr. Pearson was not hurt.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. A Boy of 13 or 16 years of age will meet with good encouragement by applying at this office
November 4

MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No 140 Broadway, to No. 12 Court-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.
Makes up Ladies own materials

COURT OF HYMEN.

Come young and old to Hymen's court repair,
The sweets of Venus will attend you there;
While numbers to the sacred altar bow,
Will you neglect, despite the nuptial vow!

MARRIED.

On Monday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Lovell, Mr. Thomas Thompson, Printer, to Miss Mary Mills, daughter of Mr. Samuel Mills, all of this city.
On Wednesday last, in St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Richard Moore, Mr. Thomas Benton, to Miss Lucinda Sedgwick, niece to Mr. Henry Pope, all of this city.
At Baltimore, Mr. Mansfield, son of the Right Honourable Lord Mansfield, to Miss Mary B. Smith, daughter of General Samuel Smith.
At Kingston, Ulster county, by the Rev. Mr. Gosman, S. Bruyn, Esq. to Miss Catharine Hasbrouck, daughter of Jonathan Hasbrouck, Esq.

MORTALITY.

Yea all must yield to Death's remorseless rage,
Creation's brow shall wrinkle up with age;
Time shall remove the key stone of the sky;
Heaven's roof shall fall—and all but VIRTUE die.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Seaman Bisset aged 33 years, late of this city, and a native of Huntington, (L. I.)
On Sunday morning, in the 38th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Hargers, wife of Mr. Herman G. Rutgers, merchant.
On Monday last, of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Francis R. Hargers, in the 70th year of her age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.
On the same day, after a short but painful illness, Mr. Martin Ames, in the 24th year of his age.
On Thursday morning last, Mr. Cortland Babcock at St. Bartholomews, on the 4th of November, Mr. Peter Rozier, a native of Holland, and nephew of Mr. Mr. John Boonen Graves, merchant of this city.
At Washington, Caleb Swan, Esq. late paymaster general of the U. S. army.—In Virginia, Major William Mosby.
At St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, the 21st of October last John Peckham, Esq. an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.
At Boston William Cooper, Esq. aged 83 years, 49 of which he was successively elected Town Clerk—and during that time was never absent at a Town Meeting.

We have to apologize this week to two of our favourite correspondents, MONTAGNARIA and H. SERRICUS. Their pieces were unfortunately mishandled—but both shall appear in our next.

BOARDING.

A Lady in the village of Newark, that teaches a School, would be glad to obtain two or three children to board with her, by the year. — She would prefer them under nine years of age, and all of one family, if they could be obtained; but will take them otherwise. Any persons who wish their children to go from home, would be pleased with this situation, as the lady is alone, and will have leisure to attend to the children committed to her care, particularly to their manners and morals.— Terms may be known by applying at No. 141, William-Street.
November 18 1083—1m

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
a few reams elegant gilt-edge and plain
NOTE PAPER.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making.—
Inquire at No 89 Pearl street
November 18 1083—1f

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE